

The Pristine Claw

Ed Harcourt

Oh, to have a pristine claw
These hands are old and sore
The knuckles, they ache
The bones they do break

Oh, to have a youthful frown
Bleed on the surgeon's gown
Put plastic in me
I'm perfect you see

Don't look older than 43
But really I'm 70
Now run young man
And get my pills from the pharmacy

Rearrange my face for a hefty fee
I can't change the inside of me
I'm a vampire of the 21st century

Oh, to have a pristine claw
Marry the doctor when I'm poor
A face I can love
A cut that's above

If the aliens landed here
They'd see why we're so weird
We're destined to die
We're destined to die

Don't look older than 43
But really I'm 70
Now run young man
And get my pills from the pharmacy

Rearrange my face for a hefty fee
I can't change the inside of me
I'm a vampire of the 21st century

That's me, that's me, that's me, that's me
That's me, that's me, that's me, that's me
That's me, that's me, that's me, that's me